

W. C. T. U. Column.

Through the courtesy of the REGISTER this space is granted to the W. C. T. U. It is edited by MARTHA J. FRANKS, Local Press Superintendent, as appointed by the State Organizer, Mrs. L. LaMance.

W. C. T. U. WATCHWORDS:
ORGANIZE! EDUCATE! AGITATE!

Dry Counties in Missouri.

Public speakers, newspaper editorials and press interviews are continually speaking of the dry counties in Missouri. They give the number, and their statements differ.

Some say eighty, others eighty-one, still others seventy-eight or seventy-nine.

A St. Louis paper recently said "there are seventy-nine counties in Missouri absolutely dry." How many are there?

If the reports that are on file in our offices are correct there are sixty-one counties of the state that have voted dry as a whole.

There are three others that have not voted dry, but have defeated petitions for license and have no saloons, making a total of sixty-four counties without the dram-shop. Besides these there are sixteen counties that have voted dry outside of the cities, but each of these sixteen have one or more cities where the saloon is licensed. As the city is a part of the county it can hardly be said that these sixteen are without saloons. They would be without them under a county unit law but are not as it is.

To sum up, Missouri has sixty-four counties (sixty-one by operation of the county law, three by defeating license petitions), and sixteen dry save in spots.—American Issue.

Liquor and Students.

While the temperance sentiment is strengthening itself in various parts of the country and prohibition areas are being enlarged it should be remembered that a very important sphere for such reform activities is in the colleges where, in too many cases, loose and harmful drinking customs prevail. A notable utterance was that of Dean Victor C. Vaughn, who recently addressed a large number of students on "College Life," when he said: "At least ten per cent. of University of Michigan students ought never to have entered here. The greatest curse to university students here is alcohol. Nearly every case of going wrong can be traced to drinking. The American saloon is the greatest curse on God's earth, and Ann Arbor gives a good example of it. The amount of drinking among Michigan University students is deplorable, and it is while under the influence of liquor that many do the disgraceful acts which bring discredit on themselves and the institution they attend." Dean Vaughn thinks that some of the college fraternities are to blame for this state of things, and that many faculties make the work of the students too easy.

Atlanta Elects A Prohibition Mayor.

We have heard from all the liquor sources that Atlanta, Ga., would repudiate her prohibition program at her first opportunity, "grass was growing on her streets," etc., according to the well-defined catalogue lies in all such cases made and provided. Upon the contrary, the tremendous financial advances of Atlanta have been matters of public record, so indisputable that all the mendacity of the saloon contingent could not break their force on the popular mind.

And now Atlanta has just delivered her verdict on these falsehoods by the election of Robert F. Maddox as mayor by 3,000 majority over the regular liquor-drinking machine candidate of the Democratic party. The worst elements of Atlanta combined behind J. G. Woodard as the saloon candidate. The Democratic machine strengthened her hands by all the power of its organization, and yet in this city of not less than 202,000 the triumphant election of Mr. Maddox shows that the people are satisfied with the result so far, and that the Gate City of the South is resolved to keep her gates shut against saloons, blind tigers, bootleggers and other evaders of the prohibition law.—American Issue.

THE Redfields

By LILLIAN W. HALE.

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CHAPTER I.

"There are some people moving into The Match-Box," said Thankful Redfield, looking from the bay-window of the Redfield mansion.

The mansion referred to was an old-fashioned house, set in a grove of walnuts and elms, containing about four acres of ground, a princely door-yard for a young and growing city; it was surrounded on every side by rows of glaring new houses. On the opposite side of the street before the house was The Match-Box, a cottage carried to the last extreme of ornament in the wood-work, and its front one large plate-glass window; some one of the satirical Redfields had christened it The Match-Box.

The Redfield family was large, comfortable, and talented. Some years before, the father had gone security for his best friend for the half of his kingdom, and lost it; he had then his homestead, very valuable, but none of them willing to convert it into cash. It would have broken the heart of their mother, placing a mortgage upon it, therefore, to tide over the time of distress, the family all agreed to combine and save it. Their father had his interest in a flourishing daily paper, of which he was editor-in-chief.

Thankful went to teaching in the city schools, and had attained a principalship; she was about thirty years old, and a lovely woman; so beautiful was she that her young brother, with a weakness for poetry, called her "the blessed damsel."

The father was a large, handsome man, who looked like an old Norse king with snow-white hair and moustache, and radiant blue eyes.

The mother, a stately, dark-eyed woman, was also handsome. The whole family were noted for their good looks. Stanley was the eldest son, and had been practicing law for some years, successfully. Lieutenant Scott Redfield was stationed at the nearest fort, and frequently visited his parents. Theodosia, the second daughter, went into newspaper work with her father, whose favorite and intimate friend she was. Dudley and Elizabeth were twins, about to graduate from the city high-school; they were eighteen years of age.

Dudley was sunny, genial, sweet-souled, and Saxon-haired. Elizabeth had her mother's dark eyes and a head of tow; pale, flabby curls surrounded her blooming face, and she was quite resigned to the names of "Whitehead," "Taffy," "hair," and other favorites. Stanley was dark like his mother. Lieutenant Redfield was gray-eyed and brown of hair and moustache, and of a most engaging manner.

This family, by united efforts, had almost cleared off the debt, and were prosperous.

"I can't see how anyone with a particle of taste can wish to live there; it is the worst eye-sore, since the negro family was improved off the street, to make room for the high art cottage. High art! Deliver us!" remarked Elizabeth, her dark eyes flashing and straight nose curling.

"Art is long and time is fleeting," said Dudley, "the cottage once will bloom and flourish when you and Rouge-mo are no more."

"There is a young lady," said Thankful.



"AND AN OLD LADY; SHE IS HELPING HER FROM THE CARRIAGE."

"A rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Susan Jane," quoted Dudley, who was industriously engaged in reducing his mother's work-basket to a chaotic muddle.

"And an old lady; she is helping her from the carriage. How pretty she is! Her hair is white; she looks feeble and unhappy."

"How can you tell so far off, Thank?"

"Thank's nose are trained in snar-

ling the mendacious countenance of the young idea; of course she can read the hieroglyphics seemed by time and sorrow on the face of a simple old lady, even half a block away. 'Ha! 'Tis my brother Gloucester's voice!'"

"All here?" said Stanley.

"Dad and Theo are not come yet, and I am finished. Are there strawberries, mother? I hope so," said Thankful, still at the window.

"Think on strawberry short-cake and time will 'fagit' faster. Stanley, my chicken, there is a new one in the cottage. 'A perfect woman, nobly planned,'" "Oh shut your poetry-box, young one," said his brother. "Where's the baby?"

"Asleep," said Elizabeth, who never said two words when one would do.

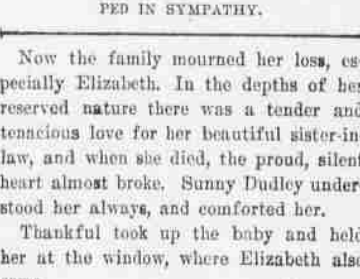
The baby he referred to was his little daughter; his young wife had died a year before, and his mother and sisters had so far successfully brought the little one on life's journey, and she was, of course, the pet and darling of the household.

"Tanny!" said a little voice, and she appeared, having heard her father's voice, whom she called Tanny, being as near as she could manage to "Stanley."

Her lustrous blue eyes and yellow hair were like her mother's, whom she strongly resembled. Mrs. Stanley Redfield had been a sweet and lovely woman, with no great force of character, on whom Elizabeth had rather looked down.

Elizabeth said: "Perfect goodness does not need force of character; it is such strong-minded tergiversants as you Thank, that need a reputation for force of character. Edna is so perfectly lovely that she can be excused for not being superior; and if superior, how could she live with us?"

"She couldn't," said Thankful.



THE WHITE HEAD WAS BOWED IN ANGUISH, AND THE GOLD ONE DROPPED IN SYMPATHY.

Now the family mourned her loss, especially Elizabeth. In the depths of her reserved nature there was a tender and tenacious love for her beautiful sister-in-law, and when she died, the proud, silent heart almost broke. Sunny Dudley understood her always, and comforted her.

Thankful took up the baby and held her at the window, where Elizabeth also came.

"Dudley," said Stanley, "won't you come down to the office and write a list for me this evening? Court begins tomorrow, and I am not quite ready. What are you all looking at?"

"The new people in The Match-box; they have very elegant furniture," said Thankful.

"By George! she is pretty."

"By George!" said the baby.

"You small sinner," said Dudley.

"She is the blessed damsel. Thank, your hair is not the right color; now look at hers, darker and yet yellow—as

as wavy and as yellow as the Kansas autumn air" as the poet says. "Yellow like ripe corn."

Well might they admire a tall, slender figure of perfect line and symmetry.

The old lady sat upon the porch and rested while the young one saw to the unloading and arranging of the furniture.

It was a chilly evening late in May, and there was a wood fire in the grate, in the beautiful sitting-room of the new-comers, that shone and gleamed through the big front window.

"Are you rested a little, mother, and do you like it here?"

"I shall like it, dear; it is nearer to him."

"Yes, it only takes an hour by train; but don't you think it would have been better to have lived there?"

"Oh no, Aileen; this is quite near enough; even if we lived there, we could only see him visitors' days. Oh, my son!

The white head was bowed in anguish, and the gold one dropped in sympathy.

"Not less heavy is my cross," she said to herself; "and a long life to endure—oh me!"

"We will present our letters to the church tomorrow, Aileen, as it is Sunday."

"Not tomorrow, mother. Let us wait a little before the people of this city probe our wounds."

"I think it will be better to get it over; I do not like to be without a friend, and it is not good for you, who are young; you must have society."

"But, mother—"

"We do not need to tell our secrets; you are my daughter—"

"But people will call me 'Miss.'"

"What does it matter, and who will be affected by it? It is better that these strangers do not know of Gerald's existence."

"I think we will let them draw their own conclusions. You dress in black, and I am sure I feel like I might be a raven, if feeling dismal can do it—or at least a crow. You are a widow; let them think me one too—it will be true. Let us have tea, mother."

Mrs. Eleanor Soule had removed from a city in the interior of the State to one on the State border, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Aileen Soule. They brought laudatory letters from their pastor in — and united with the ultra fashionable Lucy Avenue church—"The Lucifers," as wicked Elizabeth had named the Lucy Avenue church people. The family also attended it, their father and mother being charter members as Dudley expressed it.

"The matches' have become 'Lucifers,'" said Elizabeth as she cast her go-to-meeting hat down in a chair.

"Yes, they have," said Dudley. "When they came into church today and the usher showed them to the Duncan pew, I thought I should faint. 'Beautiful Anabel Lee!' Isn't she beautiful, Tan?"

"Extremely; handsomer than Thankful. I thought our respected parent deeply smitten when he passed the frying pan and she chipped in a half dollar."

"Works without faith," murmured Dudley.

"What do you know about her faith?" inquired Tan rather warmly; "she may have the faith that moves mountains."

"That's so. Let's suggest her as a *deca ex-machina* to get Dodd's quarry out of the way of the new railroad below the bluff, so we can sell our land to the bloated corporation."

No one vouchsafed an answer. Elizabeth took up a paper and Tan buried herself in a law magazine; the rest of the family were reading also; Dudley went to the piano, where he played softly—so softly it seemed to add to the silence.

"Mother, I am so glad you have come; I am hungry; your son is about to perish; I am a Spartan boy. None of these intellectual beings have a sympathetic chord about 'em, Elizabeth is so immoral as to read a sinful, secular story, though I offered her a Sunday school lesson with tears in my eyes. Tan is grinding away on a railroad case. I wish I knew the names of 'the match-boxers.'"

"Their name is Soule, mother and daughter-in-law, both widows I take it; Mrs. Janders introduced them today to the ladies of the Sunday school. Mrs. Soule is very lovely, but has a great grief I think; she is no older than I, and her hair is quite white."

"Which? they are both Mrs. Soule; the daughter is the widow of the elder's son; they both wear black, though not exactly mourning. The daughter's jetted silk was a marvel of beauty and cost, and the mother wore black lace."

"Well," said Thankful, "they are an acquisition; Mrs. Janders said their letters from Mr. Thomas were most complimentary."

The summer passed and the early darkness of bleak November days came. Lieutenant Scott Redfield came home for Thanksgiving; so did Helena, another sister, and her husband and children, and all made merry after the uneasy fashion of our time. The day after Thanksgiving they sat at dinner.

"There is a skeleton in 'The Match-box,'" said Thankful.

"Thank is growing more odd than ever; she always was as odd as Dick's hat-band; it is the way of old maids," said Mr. Floyd, her brother-in-law, who did not get on with Thankful.

"Maybe it is because the front is all plate glass; that big single window pane makes it a cyclopean nightmare of a match-box," said Tan gravely.

"The matches' did not look very happy nor thankful yesterday," observed Dudley. "Old Miss looked most sour and miserable; had a look of settled melancholy that even the dulcet strains of the new tenor did not dissipate."

"The new tenor dissipates? You surprise me," said his father, stirring his tea carefully.

"No sarcasms, dad; they are bad for our digestion," said Theo.

"It is probable that the tenor's notes were the cause of her melancholy; I am sure his semi-demi-semi-quavers made me feel very sad," said Mrs. Redfield.

"The mouths he made were, no doubt, entertaining to him, but trying to the spectators," said Theo.

"I do think this family is more demoralized than when I was at home," said Helena; "you seem to deal more than usual in the vivisection of people outside of the family."

"Sometimes in it," said Elizabeth. "This sort of talk is beyond me," said the brother-in-law, with an air of repression, "you all begin with a plated match-box, and Dudley winds up with some poetry stuff that nobody understands. Lord deliver me from talent in my family."

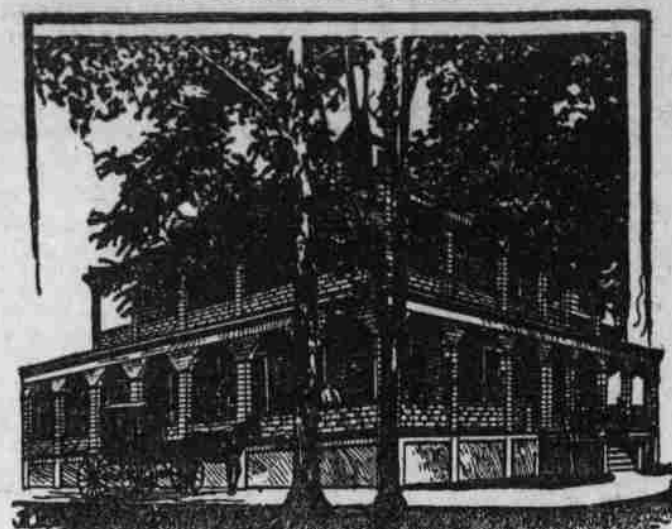
"He has," said Elizabeth.

"We are not wound up yet, buddy-in-law," said Dudley; "just wait for our after-dinner speeches, when the chocolate begins to flow—" he broke off and said something to Elizabeth in an undertone which aroused that young person's unbounded mirth.

"What are you youngsters up to now?" inquired Scott suspiciously; he feared (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Josephine E. Effinger, Administratrix with will annexed, of the estate of Valentine E. Effinger, deceased, will make final settlement of her accounts with said estate as such Administratrix, with will annexed, at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri, to be held at Ironton, in said county, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909.

JOSEPHINE E. EFFINGER,

Administratrix with Will Annexed.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Wm. Dunn, Administrator of the partnership estate of Newton Huff and H. B. Dunn, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such Administrator at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri, to be held at Ironton, in said county, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909.

WM. DUNN, Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Wm. Dunn, Administrator of the partnership estate of Wm. Dunn, Elvira Dunn and H. B. Dunn, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such Administrator at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri, to be held at Ironton, in said county, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909.

WM. DUNN, Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, William H. Farrar, Executor of the estate of Dr. George W. Farrar, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such Executor at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri, to be held at Ironton, in said county, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909.

WILLIAM H. FARRAR, Executor.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Henry Mallon, Executor of the estate of Mary Weber, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such Executor at the next term of the Probate Court of Iron County, Missouri, to be held at Ironton, in said county, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1909.

HENRY MALLON, Executor.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Elisabeth Elsmann, Executrix of the estate of Christian Elsmann, deceased, will make final settlement of her accounts with